UNCLE DAN AND AUNT SALLY VISIT INTERESTING PLACES IN NEW YORK

NEW YORK.—MY DEAR SON HIRAM: ME AND YOUR MA WALKED ALL OVER TOWN, TAKING IN THE SIGHTS. SOME OF THE BUILDINGS WOULD MAKE A DOZEN OF KIRKEN'S BARN.

WE COME ACROSS ONE OF THEM PICTURE TAKEN PLACES AND ME AND YOUR MA GOT OURN TAKEN ON SOME POSTAL CARDS TO SEND HOME.

THEN WE WENT OUT TO THE PARK. I SPE TO TALKING WITH THE FELLER THAT OWNS IT AND I PAID A DEPOSIT ON A LOT. YOUR MA SAYS SHE'LL NEVER LIVE ON IT.

SOME FELLER TOLD YOUR MA SHE COULD SEEN A FEATHER OUT OF THE BONNIE IF SHE PICKED IT. BUT THE THING WAS VICIOUS AS WE DIDN'T GET ANY.

ON THE WAY BACK TO THE HOTEL I JUST DIT OUT OF THE WAY AS AN AUTOMOBILE IN TIME TO BUMP INTO ONE OF THEM STEAM ROLLERS.

THEN MA AND ME DECIDED TO STAY HOME AND REST UP TO-DAY AND GET READY FOR THE TRIP ACROSS THE OCEAN. I WRITE THIS IN BED. WILL WRITE AGAIN NEXT WEEK. YOUR PAP.

UNCLE DAN AND AUNT SALLY VISIT DEAR OLD GERMANY---ACH DU LEIBER!

MY DEAR SON HIRAM:—GERMANY IS A FINE PLACE. THEY HAVE SOME OF THE FUNNIEST DOGS HERE. YOUR MAW WANTS ONE, SO I BOUGHT IT FOR HER.

THESE DOGS ARE ABOUT FOUR TIMES AS LONG AS THEY ARE HIGH. THEY KEEP GETTIN IN YOUR WAY, SO I DON'T THINK WE WILL BRING THIS ONE HOME.

WE WENT OUT TO SEE THAT PLACE FOUNDY THAT LOUWIS LITUN TELLS ABOUT. IT WOULDN'T MAKE A GOOD PICNIC GROUNDS.

THERE WASN'T ANY WALNUT OR HICKORY NUT TREES, BUT IT MUST HAVE BEEN A GOOD PLACE TO HUNT HONEY. WE DIDN'T STAY LONG.

WE WERE IN ONE OF THEM GARDENS AND I ACCIDENTLY BUMPED IN TO A WAITER. HE GOT MAD AND WANTED TO QUARREL, SO WE LEFT.

TWO OR THREE OF EM FOLLOWED US TO THE GATE AND IF YOUR MAW HADN'T BEEN THERE TO A WHIPPED THE CROWD OF EM. WILL WRITE AGAIN NEXT WEEK. YOUR PAW.

UNCLE DAN AND AUNT SALLY NOW IN FRANCE—EXCITING TIMES!

MY DEAR SON HIRAM: THERE'S LOTS OF THINGS TO SEE IN THIS FRENCH COUNTRY. ME AND YOUR MAW WENT OUT TO SEE THAT EIFFEL TOWER AND YOUR MAW TOOK THAT SATCHEL DOG ALONG.

I CAN'T TAKE NO PLEASURE IN LOOKIN AT THINGS WHEN I HAVE TO BE WATCHING THAT DOG ALL THE TIME. I WANTED TO GIVE THE THING AWAY, BUT YOUR MAW WOULDN'T LET ME.

WE HAD SUPPER AT THAT RED MILL RESTAURANT. I LIKED IT VERY MUCH. BUT YOUR MAW SAID THE COOKING WASN'T ANY GOOD.

ME AND YOUR MAW WENT OUT TO THE PLACE WHERE THEY HAVE THEM FLYING MACHINE RACES.

I DON'T LIKE THE BLOOMIN' THINGS. YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT'S LIABLE TO HAPPEN WHEN YOU'RE AROUND WHERE THEY ARE.

I'VE HAD A HEADACHE EVER SINCE THAT DAY, AND IT MAKES ME SICK TO THINK WHAT'S APT TO HAPPEN TO THEM FELLERS THAT FLY. WILL WRITE AGAIN NEXT WEEK. YOUR PAW